THE
Musical Entertainments
IN THE
TRAGEDY
OF
RINALDO and *ARMIDA*:

All Compos'd by Mr. JOHN ECCLES, *and Writ by* Mr. DENNIS.

Sit tibi Musa Lyræ Solers & Cantor Apollo. Horace.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

THough the Tragedy of Rinaldo and Armida, of which the following Lines are a Part, has gone in the World under the Name of an Opera; yet is neither the Dramatical Part of it, like the Drama of our uſual Opera's, nor the Muſical part of it like that which is Sung and Play'd in thoſe Entertainments: For all the Muſick in this Play, even the Muſick between the Acts, is part of the Tragedy, and for that Reaſon the Muſick is always Pathetick. Now nothing can entertain the Imagination very agreeably but that which moves ſome Paſſion, and moves it very much too: For nothing

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can very much pleaſe the Fancy, but that which puts the Spirits into an Extraordinary Motion; which extraordinary Motion is Paſſion, and for that Reaſon, thoſe who are very Old, by reaſon of the Chilneſs and Coldneſs of their Bloods, which as it were congeals their Spirits, are very rarely or never extreamly pleas'd. The Deſign therefore of Muſick, as well as Painting and Poetry, being to entertain the Imagination agreeably, nothing in Muſick can be extreamly Fine but what is extreamly Moving: And Experience has confirm'd me in this Opinion, by ſo much fine Muſick as I heard in Italy, *both in their Churches and Theatres. Now as nothing can be very Pleaſing but what is very Moving, ſo nothing that is very Moving can be Moving long. For whether it proceeds from a Defect of Mind or Body, the Paſſions if they are Languid are not Delightful, and if they are Violent are not Laſting. I found therefore, that in a Muſical Entertainment of length,*

Variety

Variety of Paſſion, as well as Paſſion would be abſolutely neceſſary.

In the following Lines therefore, I deſign'd not only to move Paſſion, but as many Paſſions as I could ſucceſſively without doing violence to my ſubject, as Admiration, Love and Joy, Anger, Compaſſion, Terror, Grief, Horror, Aſtoniſhment and Deſpair. How clearly, how fully, and how admirably Mr. Eccles *has expreſſed thoſe Paſſions I leave to the World to Judge, which has loudly on this Occaſion, done juſtice to his Merit, even before the Play has been Acted. One thing I can ſay my ſelf, of which I ſuppoſe I may be allow'd to be a competent Judge, that he has every where ſo throughly enter'd into my deſign, that if I had not known him very well, I ſhould have often wonder'd at it. I am ſo much oblig'd to him for the Care and Pains which he has taken in this Compoſition, that the leaſt Acknowledgment which I can make him, is to defend him againſt the Malice of ſome who have ac-*

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cus'd him of borrowing a Chorus in the Fourth Act, from the Froſt Scene of Mr. Henry Purcell. *That great Maſter has been accus'd himſelf of borrowing that very Muſick from* Lully. *I ſay not this with a deſign to Vindicate Mr.* Eccles *by Recrimination, but only to ſhew that there has been always Malice in the World. I have a better way of Defendiug Mr.* Eccles, *for the Chorus which he is pretended to have borrow'd from Mr.* Purcell, *is by much inferiour to Two others in the ſame Entertainment, that of the Winds and the laſt. If therefore he has borrow'd the Worſt from Mr.* Henry Purcell, *I would ask his Accuſers from whom he has borrow'd the Beſt?*

THE

THE

Vocal and Instrumental Musick

IN THE

Tragedy of Rinaldo *and* Armida.

THE Musick between the Acts in this Play is part of the Action of the Play, and therefore for the better distinguishing the Acts, the Reader is desir'd to take Notice, that when at any time the Stage is quite Empty, then is the End of an Act.

The Action of the Play begins with the Beginning of the Overture, which is a Trumpet-Tune, supposed to be Play'd by the Good Spirits who have the Conduct and Care of the Action, and the Guardianship of the Persons concern'd in it.

ACT I.

Symphony.

SOng by one of *Armida*'s Spirits, while the Enchanted Palace is ſuppos'd at ſome little diſtance to Riſe.

Ye mighty Powers who Rule the Air,
Ye Gods who in the Ocean dwell,
And ye who at the Center govern Hell,
Hither at great Armida's *Call repair ;*
And while by your Command theſe Tow'rs ariſe,
Till with unequal Pomp and State,
Their ſoaring Heads ſalute the Skies,
Shew thoſe above that Hell can too create.

The Muſical Entertainment in the Firſt Act, is ſuppoſed to be Play'd and Sung by Spirits in the Shapes of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, who voluntarily, and unknown to *Armida*, attempt to ſeduce the Chriſtians who came to free *Rinaldo* from their Power.

Over-

Overture.

Shep. *Welcome to theſe Lovely Plains,*
The happy Seats of Bliſsful Swains.

Ritornelle.

Nym. *Welcome to theſe bliſsful Shades,*
The ſoft Retreats of Happy Maids.

Ritornelle.

Song in 3 Parts. *Here we feel no want nor Care,*
And no Inclemency of Air,
And Lovers never here Deſpair.

Ritornelle.

Shep. *Sorrow ever from us flies,*
Pleaſure revels in our Eyes.
If we paſs an Hour in Courting
'Tis for more Delicious ſporting,
Never cruel Nymph denies.

Ritornelle.

Nym. *If any thing like Sorrow's ſeen*
In our Voice, or in our Meen,

'Tis not Grief that gives the Anguiſh,
'Tis with Pleaſure that we languiſh ;
And if ever Nymph denies,
'Tis like one in Love who's Wiſe ;
'Tis like one who would invite
To more delicate Delight,
'Tis with wiſhing, dying Eyes.

Ritornelle.

Chorus of Shepherds and Nymphs.

All about us and above
Gaiety and Love inſpires ;
All about us and above
Infuſes Tenderneſs and Love,
And wanton fine Deſires.

Shep. *The Jolly Breeze,*
That comes whiſtling through the Trees,
From all the bliſsful Region brings
Perfumes upon its ſpicy Wings,
With its wanton motion curling.
The Cryſtal Rills,
Which down the Hills
Run o'er golden Gravel purling.

Nymp.

Nym. *All around Venereal Turtles*
Cooing, Billing, on the Myrtles;
The more they ſhew their Amorous trouble,
More fiercely dart their piercing Kiſſes,
And more eagerly redouble
The Raptures of their murmuring Bliſſes.

The Muſick betwixt the Firſt and Second Acts, begins with a Trumpet Tune, ſuppos'd to be play'd by the ſame Spirits who play'd the *Overture*, but changes with the Scene to ſoft Muſick, and falls gradually to ſofter, and at laſt Drowzy Muſick, which continues very ſoftly the firſt Ten or Twelve Lines of the Second Act.

ACT II.

THe Muſical Entertainment in this Act, is made by Dreams that at *Armida*'s Command appear in order to the Terrifying *Rinaldo*, in the Shapes of *Bertoldo* and *Sophia*, Parents to the Heroe; and in the likeneſs of ſeveral whom *Rinaldo* had Slain in Battle.

Bert. *Rinaldo!*
Soph. *Rinaldo!*

Bert. *Look up, Behold the Mournfull Shade*
Of him who gave thee Breath,
Who ſteps to ſee thee, while thou'rt laid
upon the Confines here of Death.
T'inform thee of thy future State,
And e're yet it be too late
To prevent thy wretched Fate.

Soph. *Look up my Son, Look up on me*
In me th' Afflicted Sophia *ſee,*
Ah Son! not all the grinding throws,
With which, when thou wert born,
My Tortur'd Nerves were torn,

Equal'd

Equall'd half the wracking woes,
Which now thy Mother undergoes,
Thou Darling of my Soul, for thee.

Bert. *Laſt night I caſt a Look*
Upon Fates dreadful Book,
And read a Leſſon which no Brain
That is Mortal can Suſtain,
While all my Soul with Horrour ſhook.

Soph. *Oh! the diſtraction of the ſight*
And Oh! the Torments of the fright
I never, never ſhall forget that Night.

Bert. *Rowze all thy Faculties my Son,*
And to my Fatal words give ear,
For know that they concern thee near;
No longer let thy Fancy run
After that Aiery Fantom Fame;
But Love Armida *with a conſtant Flame:*
Or deſtiny decrees,
Thou ſhalt feel woes, which but to hear
Would diſtract thy Soul with fear,
And all thy Blood with Horrour freeze.

Soph. *Ah! ſee around the Raving Hoſts*
Of purple Ghoſts;

Whoſe Blood thou haſt in Battle ſpilt,
With fearful Guilt.
Who, unleſs aw'd by her Commanding pow'r,
Would, ah, this Moment, tear thee and devour!

Bert. *How they advance with whirling Brands,*
All flaming in their threatning Hands!
And as they go their dreadful Round,
Revenge, Revenge, Reſound!

Chorus of Spirits. *For Revenge, for Revenge,* to Armida *we call,*
That we terribly may on our Murderer fall;
(him,
That as now we with Sulphurous Torches ſurround
(wound him;
We with our Screams and our Scorpions may
And with aſtoniſhing Horrors confound him.

SONG.

Rinaldo, *in the Enchanted Grove*
Prepare to meet immortal Love;
Straight to the Bow'r of Bliſs repair,
Fortune *and* Fame *attend thee there.*

The Act-Tune of this Second Act begins with Terrible Musick, supposed to be Play'd by the Infernal Spirits, partly at *Armida*'s command, and partly to express their Resentment for *Rinaldo*'s Behaviour. With the Scene the Musick changes to Soft and Gay.

ACT III.

THe Musical Entertainment in this Act is made by Spirits, who at *Armida*'s command, appear to Entertain *Rinaldo* in the Shapes of *Venus*, *Cupid*, and a Chorus of Loves. *Venus* is discover'd reclin'd on a Couch, with her Attendants of Loves about her; and Singing in soft complaining Notes.

Symphony of Flutes.

Ven. Cupid, *come to the Relief*
Of thy Mother's piercing Grief;
Hither quickly, Cupid, fly;
With thee bring thy keeneſt Dart,
To subdue a Rebel Heart,
Thou art Scorn'd as well as I.

Whoſe Blood thou haſt in Battle ſpilt,
With fearful Guilt.
Who, unleſs aw'd by her Commanding pow'r,
Would, ah, this Moment, tear thee and devour!

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Symphony of Flutes.

Ven. Cupid, *come to the Relief*
Of thy Mother's piercing Grief;
Hither quickly, Cupid, *fly*;
With thee bring thy keeneſt Dart,
To ſubdue a Rebel Heart,
Thou art Scorn'd as well as I.

Ritornelle.

Cho. *Come* Cupid, *on thy Golden Wing,*
And in thy ſounding Quiver bring
Pernicious Arrows, wing'd with Fire,
T'inflict incurable Deſire.

Symphony.

Cupid flying down

Thus flying thro' the Balmy Air,
To my great Parent I repair;
And tho' the World's maintain'd by me,
Yet, Mother, to attend on thee,
I leave the mighty Care.

Ven. *A Mortal in this Fragrant Bow'r,*
Preſumes that he's above our Pow'r.

Cup. *I'll make that Mortal know,*
That none too Great for Love can grow:
I tame the mighty Pow'rs above,
And cruel Gods below.

Ritornelle.

Great Jove, *whoſe Arms the Lightning ſtung,*
Has felt my fiercer Fire,

And

And Hell's Inexorable King
Has yielded to Deſire.

Cho. *Great* Jove, *whoſe Arms the Lightning flung,*
Has felt thy fiercer Fire, &c.

Cup. *Now quickly thro' th' Enchanted Grove,*
Let all my nimble Brethren Rove.

Dance

Ven. *Let Earth, and Air, and Flood, and Fire,*
And ev'ry thing around conſpire
To breath forth ſoft and ſweet Deſire.

Cho. *Repeats this.*

In the Muſick between this and the Fourth Act, the Inſtruments expreſs the Alarm that the Infernal Regions take at *Rinaldo*'s Departure.

ACT IV.

THE Entertainment of this Act is by Spirits, that come to Revenge the Injury that *Rinaldo* is thought by them to have done to *Armida*.

Thunder and *Lightning*, Spirit comes forward and Sings.

Symphony.

Spir. *Ye Spirits that dwell in Earth, Fire, and Air,*
Hither, Hither, Hither, Hither, hurrying repair:
Behold your great Miſtreſs, Armida's *betray'd,*
Hither, hither, hither, Hurry all to her Aid.

Ritornelle.

Cho. *Lo, from Earth, from Hell, and from Sky,*
With Vengeance laden we fly.

Spir. *Ye Fiends that are lurking in Graves,*
Or gliding in Vaulted Caves,

All

All working amain in your Holes,
Heave, Heave up the Crumbling Earth like Moles.
Till the Mountain ſhakes,
And the Rock its Baſis forſakes,
And the Heart of the Traytor quakes.

Cho. *'Tis done, ſee the Mountain ſhakes,*
And the Rock its Baſis forſakes.

Spir. *Ye Pow'rs who govern the Air,*
Let nought but Confuſion be there;
Haſte to ſend forth
The ſtormy North,
And unbind the Deep Mouth
Of the Bluſtring South:
(they Roar,
Let them blow, let them blow, till with Fury
And ambitious old Ocean diſdains the Shore.

Cho. *Hark how they blow! Hark how they blow!*
If they go on thro' the Void they will ſweep
The Heav'ns, the Earth, and the Deep,
And the World into Chaos will throw!

Spir. *Now flying in Crowds,*
Charge, Charge all your Clouds,
Charge them all with Deſtructive Thunder,

Let

Let it roar, till it rends the Vaſt all aſunder.
Let the Lightning fearfully blaze,
Till Mortals who gaze,
Fall Dead at the terrible Wonder.

Thunder *and* Lightning.

Cho. *'Tis done, 'tis done, and we ſhake*
At the dire Confuſion we make.

Spir. *Ye Furies who Reign in Unquenchable Fires,*
(Lyres;
To the ſound of your Yells tune your Horrible
And give us that Muſick by which you Redouble
The Horrors of Hell, and unſpeakable Trouble.

Infernal Symphony.

Cho. *'Tis done.*
Spir. *Now add to the Symphony clinking of Chains.*
Noiſe of Chains.
Cho. *'Tis done.*
(their Pains;
Spir. *Add the Howls of the Damn'd, in the height of*
Cho. *'Tis done.*
Serpentine Hiſs;
Spir. *Add their Scream and their Roar, and their*
Cho.

Cho. *'Tis done.*
Spir. *Let* Lucifer's *Thunder now anſwer to this,*
And Bellow alternately thro' the Abyſs.

Thunder *and* Lightning.

Cho. *'Tis done, and 'tis paſt our pow'r to know,*
Whither this be Chaos *or no?*

In the Muſick between this and the Fifth Act, the Spirits attending on *Armida*, expreſs their Grief for the Calamity which has befall'n her.

ACT V.

SONG.

Ah Queen! Ah wretched Queen, give o'er!
Ceaſe, Ceaſe with hopeleſs Fires to burn,
Ah ceaſe his Abſence to deplore!
Who now, ev'n now forſakes the Shore,
And never, never will return,
No, never ſee thee more.

FINIS.

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